

STAR TREK®

a creation of GENE RODDENBERRY

EVERYTHING WE'VE TESTED SO FAR LOOKS VERY GOOD... VERY TERRAN.

THEY COULD GROW ALMOST ANYTHING HERE!

CAPTAIN'S LOG:
STARDATE 7541.1
WE ARE IN ORBIT ABOUT THE PLANET TELOS, MAKING A CAREFUL SURVEY TO DETERMINE ITS SUITABILITY AS A RELOCATION SITE FOR A COLONY THREATENED BY COLLISION WITH A MASSIVE ASTEROID.

ENTERPRISE TO CAPTAIN KIRK. WE HAVE AN UNIDENTIFIED CRAFT ON A DIRECT HEADING FOR US. ...YOUR ORDERS?

BEAM US UP, SCOTTY.

SOON...

IT'S CLOSING AT .139 C. ...PROBABLY AN OLDER, FUSION POWERED, COMMERCIAL SHIP.

STILL NO RADIO RESPONSE, SIR, BUT THE COMPUTER NOW IDENTIFIES THE CRAFT AS A TRIPPER CLASS COMMERCIAL FLYER OF VEGAN MANUFACTURE, FUSION POWERED... CIRCA 2150.

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THOSE OLD CRATES ARE STILL IN SERVICE IN HUNDREDS OF SYSTEMS.

SO WE DON'T HAVE A CLUE AS TO WHAT SPECIES IS AT THE HELM... OR WHAT THEIR INTENTIONS MAY BE.

Dist. by L.A. Times Synd.

**CAPTAIN'S LOG:
STARDATE 7541.1
WE ARE IN ORBIT
ABOUT THE PLANET
TELOS, ON A
ROUTINE SURVEY
MISSION...**

**SMALL
CRAFT ON
A DIRECT
HEADING
FOR US...**

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CLOSING AT 139 C.
NO SIGNAL RESPONSE.
...THE COMPUTER NOW
IDENTIFIES IT AS A
TRIPPER CLASS
VEGAN FLYER,
CIRCA 2150.

THOSE OLD
CRATES ARE STILL
IN COMMON USE
IN HUNDREDS
OF SYSTEMS.

**BUT NOT
IN DEEP
SPACE.**

Dist. by L. A. Times Synd.

"I'M TRANSMITTING
LINGUACODE FRIEND-
SHIP MESSAGES ON
ROTATING FREQUENCIES,
SIR... NO RESPONSE.

KEEP TRYING.

THE SHIP
IS STILL TOO
DISTANT FOR
READINGS ON
WEAPONRY,
CAPTAIN.

WE'LL GO
TO YELLOW
ALERT- WE
CAN USE THE
EXERCISE.

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YELLOW ALERT!
ALL DECKS

DRAT! I'M
ON DUTY,
THOBO.

**LATER
BOB**

WHY NOW

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CAPTAIN, THE
LITTLE SHIP'S
HEADING MAY
JUST **HAPPEN**
TO COINCIDE
WITH OURS.



IT'S HIGHLY
IMPROBABLE,
BUT POSSIBLE.



5.7

WE'LL FIND OUT —
...MANEUVERING
THRUSTERS, MISTER
SULU... BRING US
TEN DIAMETERS
TO STARBOARD.

AYE.



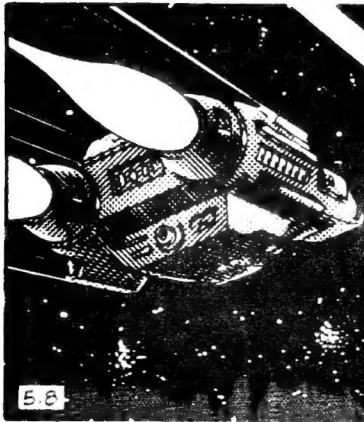
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APPROACHING
VESSEL NOW
CORRECTING
HEADING...



...TO MAINTAIN
A COLLISION
COURSE WITH
US.

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5.8

TRACTOR BEAM TEAM,
GRAB THAT THING.
HOLD IT OFF.

TWELVE
SECONDS
TO IMPACT
AT PRESENT
HEADINGS.



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AYE, SIR,
LOCKING ON TO
APPROACHING
CRAFT... **NOW.**



CAUGHT IN THE TRACTOR BEAM, THE LITTLE VEGAN SHIP IS HELD MOTIONLESS RELATIVE TO THE ENTERPRISE.

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THE SHIP IS STARTING TO BREAK UP IN OUR BEAM... EVIDENCE OF PRIOR DAMAGE.

WE'LL HAVE TO BEAM THEM OUT.

5.9

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TAKE CHEKOV AND MEET THEM IN THE TRANSPORTER ROOM.

WE'VE LOCKED ON TO THEM, MISTER SPOCK.

BEAM THEM IN, RAND.

5.10

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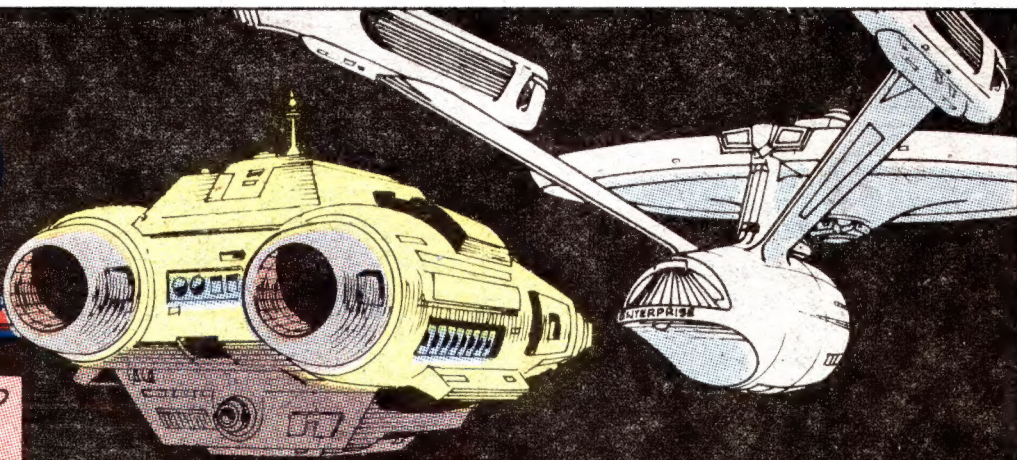
IN A MOMENT THE MATTER TO ENERGY TO MATTER CONVERSION IS COMPLETE.

KLINGONS!

STAR TREK®

a creation of GENE RODDENBERRY

AS THE DAMAGED CRAFT STARTS TO BREAK UP IN THE TRACTOR BEAM, THE TWO ABOARD ARE BEAMED TO THE ENTERPRISE... AND THE WRECK IS TAKEN IN TOW.



BEAMED ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE AS THEIR DAMAGED SHIP BEGINS TO BREAK UP IN THE TRACTOR BEAM, THE INTRUDERS ARE MET BY AN ARMED AND WARY RECEPTION COMMITTEE.



YOU WERE ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH US. WHY?

ARE YOU THE CAPTAIN?

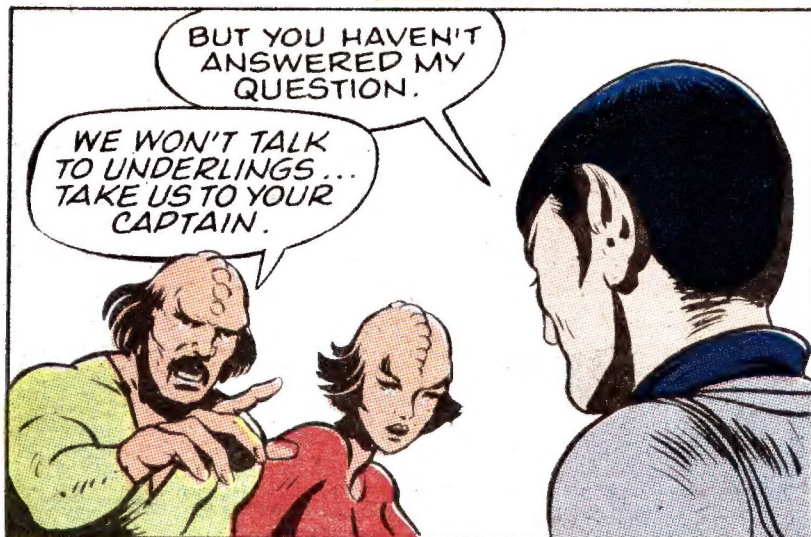
THE CAPTAIN'S ON THE BRIDGE. I AM SPOCK, EXECUTIVE OFFICER.

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BUT YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED MY QUESTION.

WE WON'T TALK TO UNDERLINGS... TAKE US TO YOUR CAPTAIN.



I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE BRIG!

NOT JUST YET, CHEKOV.



CAPTAIN, THE TWO BEAMED ABOARD ARE KLINGONS... UNARMED, DRESSED AS CIVILIANS.

THEY INSIST ON BEING TAKEN TO THE BRIDGE TO TALK TO YOU.

NEGATIVE! I DON'T WANT THEM UP HERE!

I'LL COME DOWN.



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5.11.80 #23



BEAMED ABOARD THE ENTERPRISE AS THEIR DAMAGED SHIP BEGINS TO FRACTURE IN THE TRACTOR BEAM, TWO KLINGONS IN CIVILIAN ATTIRE ARE MET BY SPOCK AND CHEKOV.

YOU MAINTAINED A COLLISION COURSE WITH US...WHY?

WE DON'T SPEAK WITH FLUNKIES. TAKE US TO YOUR CAPTAIN...NOW!

I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE BRIG!

CAPTAIN, WE HAVE TWO UNARMED KLINGONS HERE. ...THEY DEMAND TO BE TAKEN UP TO SEE YOU.

NEGATIVE. I DON'T WANT THEM ON THE BRIDGE. I'LL COME DOWN.

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I'M KIRK, CAPTAIN OF THIS VESSEL. WHO ARE YOU, AND WHY WERE YOU ON A COLLISION HEADING WITH US?

WE RECEIVED NO SIGNAL.

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YOUR EQUIPMENT MUST BE FAULTY!

I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS. STATE YOUR BUSINESS!

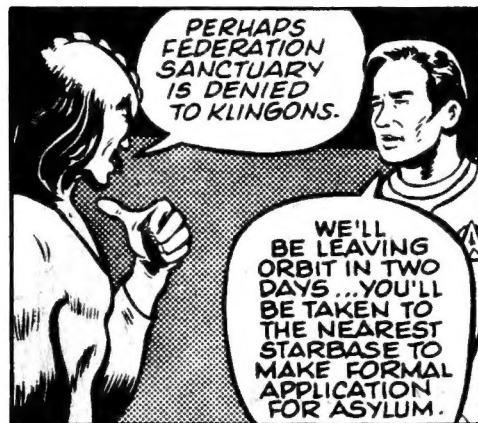
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I AM MORG. THIS IS MY SISTER, CHETAR.

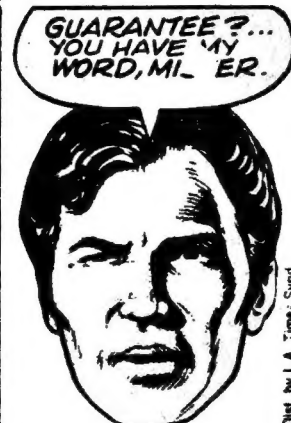
WE DEMAND FEDERATION SANCTUARY!



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5.16

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STAR TREK

a creation of GENE RODDENBERRY

BY THOMAS WARKENTIN
FROM A STORY BY TOM DURKIN

PRELIMINARY SENSOR-SCAN REVEALS NO WEAPONS ABOARD THE VESSEL IN TOW...

BUT WE CAN'T BE CERTAIN WITHOUT A SEARCH.

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO SEARCH IT, SPOCK.

I'M NOT SOLD ON OUR GUESTS' SINCERITY...

5.18.80

IF THERE'S A HOSTILE DEVICE ON THEIR SHIP, I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT.

IF NOT, I WANT THE SHIP REPAIRED, IF POSSIBLE.

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REPAIRED? IT'S READY FOR THE SCRAP HEAP!

JUST SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO, SCOTTY.

WARKENTIN/RICE

CHEKOV, GET A BOMB SQUAD OUT THERE - CHECK IT OUT.

AYE, SIR.

KLINGONS ARE KLINGONS, CAPTAIN. THEY ALWAYS MEAN TROUBLE!

SOMETHING DOESN'T SMELL RIGHT ABOUT ALL THIS!

I COULDN'T AGREE WITH YOU MORE, CAPTAIN!

TWELVE MINUTES LATER, ORBITAL ALIGNMENT IS ACHIEVED, AND THE ENTERPRISE RELEASES THE DAMAGED VEGAN SHIP FROM MAGNETIC TOW, TO PERMIT THE BOMB SQUAD TO MAKE THE SHIP-TO-SHIP JUMP IN THRUSTER SUITS.

SENSOR SCAN REVEALS NO WEAPONS ABOARD THE SHIP IN TOW, BUT WE CAN'T BE CERTAIN WITHOUT A SEARCH.

CHEKOV, GET A BOMB SQUAD OUT THERE... CHECK IT OUT.

RIGHT AWAY.

5,19

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ONCE SYNCHRONOUS ORBIT IS ACHIEVED, MAGNETIC TOW IS RELEASED, PERMITTING THE BOMB SQUAD TO MAKE THE SHIP TO SHIP JUMP IN THRUSTER SUITS.

IN THE TURBO LIFT...

LEVEL SEVEN

LEVEL SEVEN? YOUR CAPTAIN TOLD YOU TO QUARTER US ON DECK FIVE.

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WE ARE GOING TO SICKBAY. ALL NEW PASSENGERS HAVE A ROUTINE MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

5,20

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VULCAN, IF THIS IS A TRICK, I'LL TIE THOSE EARS IN A BOW!

JIM, WHAT'S THIS NONSENSE ABOUT KLINGONS ON THE ENTERPRISE?

THEY'RE POLITICAL REFUGEES, BONES.

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DOCTOR, THE KLINGONS ARE IN SICKBAY, WAITING FOR THEIR MEDICAL CHECK.

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I'LL HANDLE THIS EXAMINATION MYSELF. ... YOU'LL HAVE MY REPORT, CAPTAIN, IN FULL!

5.21

JIM, WE FINALLY GOT YOUR 'REFUGEES' CLEANED UP AND EXAMINED.

WELL, BONES?

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THEY'RE AS FIT AS GEORGIA MULES.

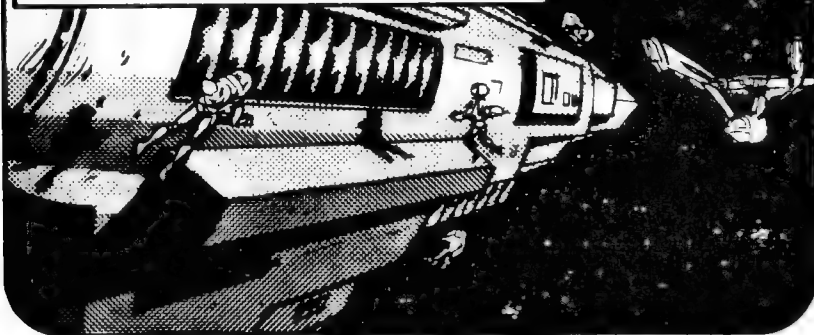
SCRATCH

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AND TWICE AS ORNERY!

5.22

AFTER A THOROUGH EXAMINATION
OF THE EXTERIOR...



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THE ENTERPRISE BOMB SQUAD
ENTERS THE DAMAGED SHIP
USED BY THE FUGITIVES...



5.23

LOOK AT THIS!...
TRASH...JUNK...
ROTTING
MEAT!

DENEBIAN
SLIME DEVILS
HAVE CLEANER
TUNNELS!

COME ON,
WE HAVE A
JOB TO DO.



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SHORTLY...

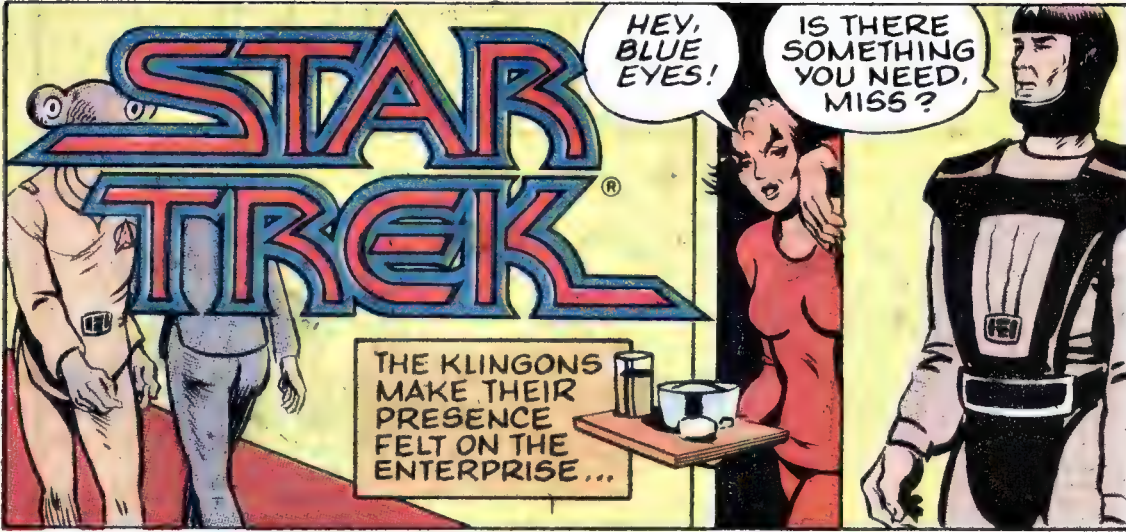
PLENTY OF DIRT,
BUT NO BOMB..



LET'S GET
OUT OF THIS
GARBAGE SCOW,
AND MAKE OUR
REPORT!



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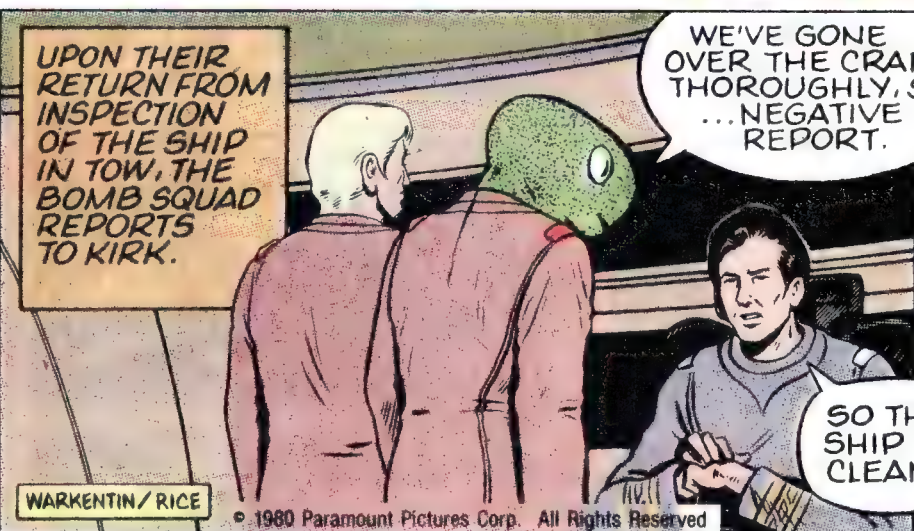
HEY, BLUE EYES!

IS THERE SOMETHING YOU NEED, MISS?

THE KLINGONS MAKE THEIR PRESENCE FELT ON THE ENTERPRISE...



YES... TAKE BACK THIS SLOP AND GET ME SOMETHING I CAN EAT!



UPON THEIR RETURN FROM INSPECTION OF THE SHIP IN TOW, THE BOMB SQUAD REPORTS TO KIRK.

WE'VE GONE OVER THE CRAFT THOROUGHLY, SIR. ...NEGATIVE REPORT.

SO THE SHIP IS CLEAN?

* 26



I WOULDN'T CALL IT "CLEAN", SIR, BUT THERE ARE NO WEAPONS ON IT.



SCOTTY HAUL THAT WRECK ABOARD AND SEE IF IT CAN BE REPAIRED.

AYE... BUT WE'LL NEED TO HOSE IT DOWN AND DISINFECT IT FIRST!

5,25,80



ON DECK FIVE...

SORRY, THESE TURBO-LIFTS ARE OFF-LIMITS. YOU'RE NOT TO GO ABOVE THIS DECK.



YOU'RE THE LITTLE KLYSHKA WHO WANTED TO THROW ME IN THE BRIG!



WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, MISTER CHEKOV.

NO... THANK YOU. I CAN HANDLE THIS.

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THINK SO?... YOU DON'T HAVE YOUR PHASER THIS TIME!

COME ON, СВИНЬЯ!



ON LEVEL FIVE...

THE TURBO LIFTS
ARE OFF LIMITS TO
YOU...SORRY.



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YOU'RE THE
LITTLE KLYSHKA
WHO WANTED TO
THROW ME IN THE
BRIG!



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WE'LL TAKE
CARE OF HIM,
MR. CHEKOV.

NO, I'LL
HANDLE
IT.



DON'T
MAKE ME
LAUGH!



5.26

CAN'T WE
TALK THIS
OVER?

WELL,
SURELY.



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WHAT'S
THIS ON
YOUR
SHIRT
?

WHA..



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WAM!

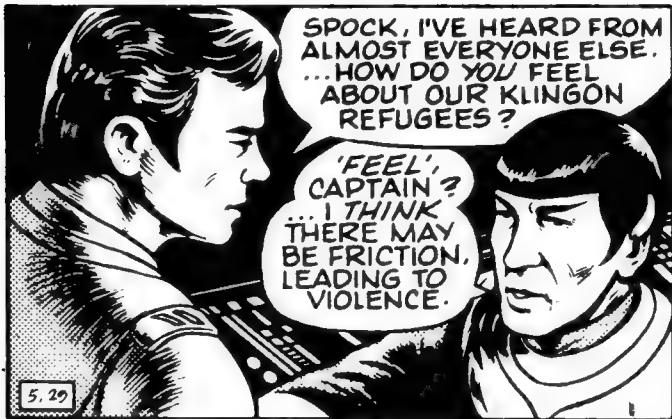


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5:28



5:29

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THE OLD VEGAN SHIP USED BY THE KLINGON FUGITIVES IS HAULED ABOARD THE HANGAR DECK OF THE ENTERPRISE FOR REPAIR.

HOSE IT THOROUGHLY, LADS, THEN HIT IT WITH THE THERMAL SPRAY.

WILL DO, MISTER SCOTT.

A FAST MOVING OBJECT COMING INTO OUR SENSOR RANGE...

...APPROACHING US...
HEADING ZERO-MARK-ZERO
...CLOSING AT WARP NINE.

GO TO
CONDITION
RED.

ON LEVEL FIVE...

HE'S JUST
DAZED, BUT
WALK HIM
TO SICKBAY,
WILL YOU?

YES, SIR!

RED ALERT!
ALL DECKS,
RED ALERT!
LIEUTENANT
CHEKOV TO
THE BRIDGE!

CHEKOV! ARE
YOU FEELING
ALL RIGHT?

YES, SIR,
THANK YOU.
I AM FEELING
VERY WELL!

CONFIGURATION OF
APPROACHING CRAFT
IS COMPATIBLE
WITH THE NEW
K'T'INGA CLASS
KLINGON BATTLE-
CRUISER.

AT THEIR
PRESENT RATE
THEY SHOULD
I.P. WITH US IN
THIRTEEN
MINUTES.

I'LL BE IN
SICKBAY—
KLINGONS
ARE ALWAYS
GOOD FOR
BUSINESS.

MISTER SULU,
TACTICAL PLOT
ON THE VIEWER.

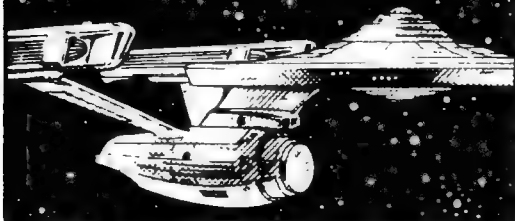
WEAPONS
AND DEFENSE
STATUS, MISTER
CHEKOV... WE
DON'T WANT TO
BE CAUGHT
WITH OUR...
DEFLECTORS
DOWN!

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WARKENTIN/RICE

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ON THE HANGAR DECK OF THE ENTERPRISE, THE FUGITIVES' SHIP IS BEING REPAIRED UNDER ENGINEER SCOTT'S SUPERVISION.



SOME-
THING VERY
FAST MOVING
INTO SENSOR
RANGE...

APPROACHING
US... HEADING
ZERO-MARK-
ZERO.
CLOSING
AT WARP
NINE.

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COMPUTER IDENTIFIES IT
AS... CAPTAIN, IT'S ONE OF
THE NEW K'TINGA CLASS
KLINGON BATTLE-
CRUISERS!



GO
TO RED
ALERT.

DOCTOR, WOULD
YOU TAKE A LOOK
AT THIS GUY,
PLEASE.

HE HIT
HIS HEAD ON
A TURBO-
LIFT.



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WHAT WERE
THOSE BELLS
I HEARD?

WE'RE
ON RED
ALERT.

SOME-
THING ABOUT
A KLINGON
BATTLE-
CRUISER.



THEN
WE'RE
DEAD!

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THE
KLINGON
SHIP IS
VEERING
OFF...
SCANNING
THE PLANET.

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THEY
MUST BE
LOOKING
FOR THE
FUGITIVES.

A LOGICAL
ASSUMPTION,
CAPTAIN

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SICKBAY...

CAPTAIN,
THE MALE
KLINGON
JUST LEFT
SICKBAY,
ON HIS WAY
UP TO SEE
YOU...AND
SIR, HE'S
VIOLENT.



GET
OUT!

I NEED
THIS
LIFT!

MORG BURSTS ONTO THE BRIDGE



YOU'VE
GOT TO
LISTEN
TO ME!

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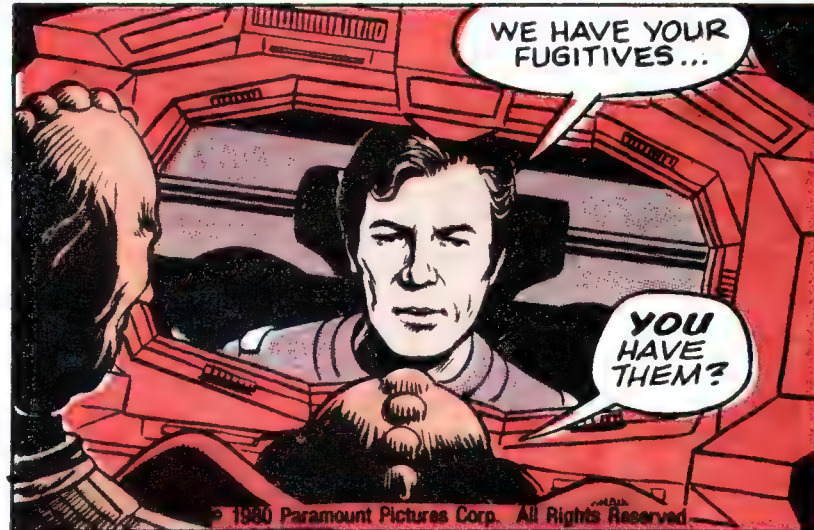
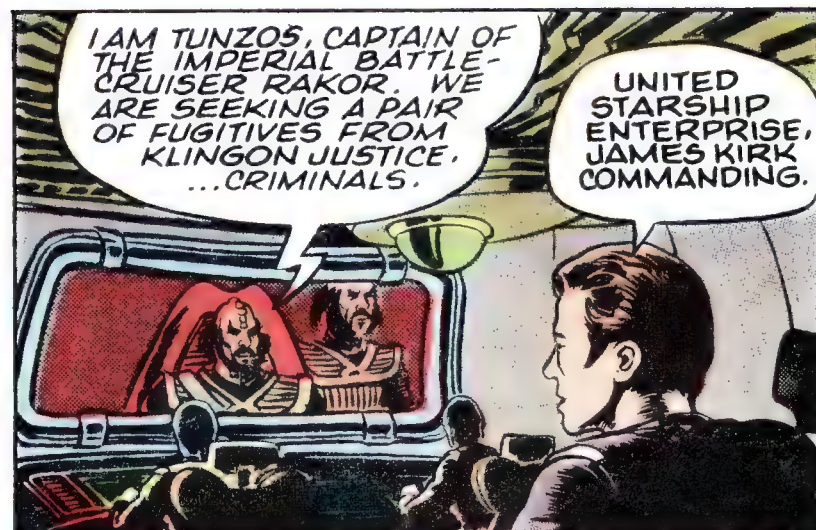
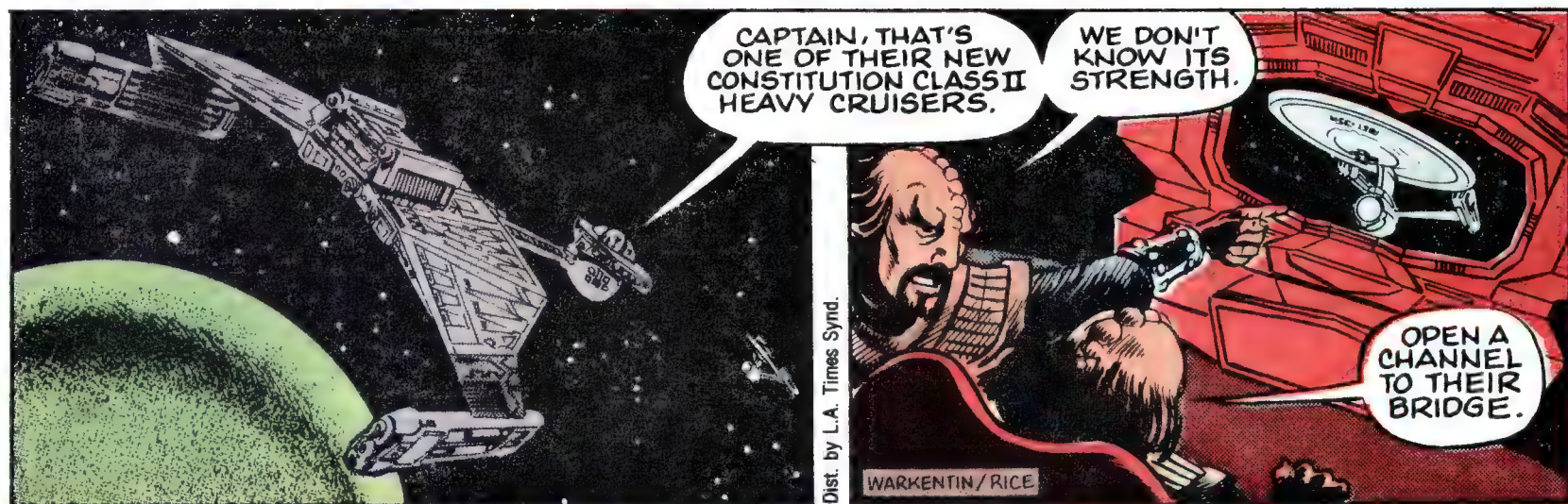
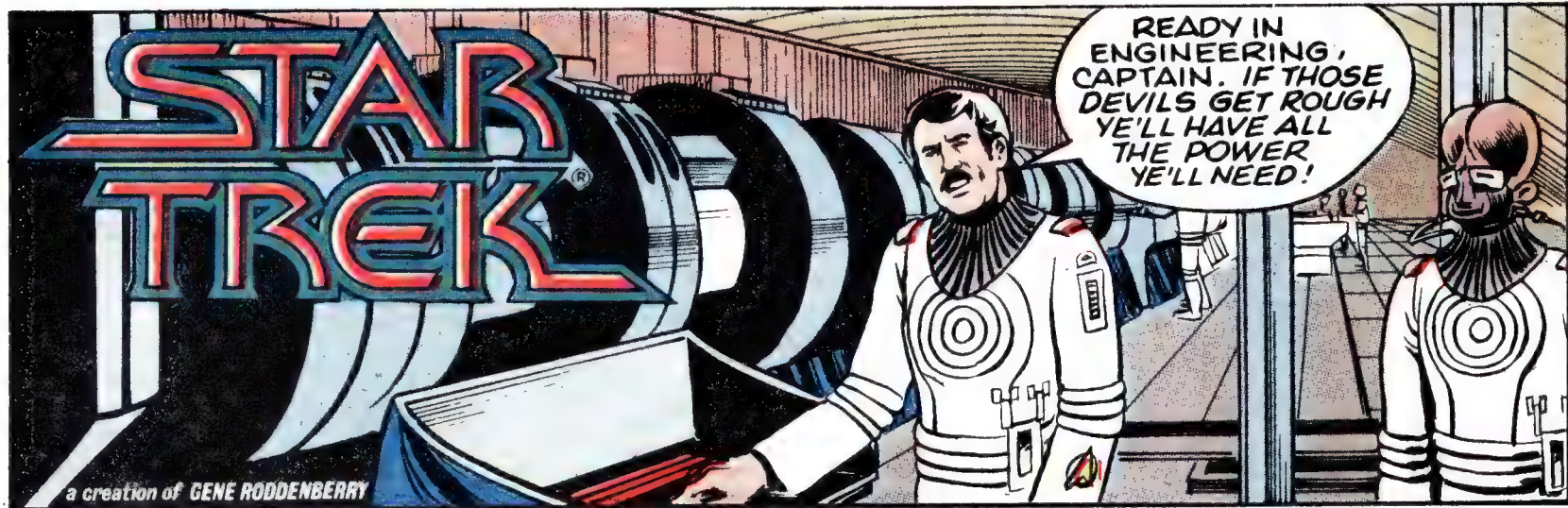


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YOUR ONLY
CHANCE
IS TO RUN
FOR IT...
BEFORE
THEY
KILL US
ALL!

SIR, THE
KLINGON
SHIP
IS RETURNING.



STAR TREK

WARKENTIN

FAILING TO FIND THEIR QUARRY THROUGH SENSOR SCAN OF THE PLANET, THE KLINGONS OPEN A CHANNEL TO THE ENTERPRISE.

WE SEEK TWO FUGITIVES... CRIMINALS.

WE HAVE THEM



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THIS COULD BE AMUSING, CAPTAIN - OUR ORDERS ARE TO RETURN WITH THEM AT ANY COST!



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SET FOR PROXIMITY
EXPLOSION, THE
ENTERPRISE PHOTON
TORPEDO ROCKS
THE KLINGON
SHIP WITHOUT
BREACHING ITS
DEFLECTOR
PLATES...

BRACE FOR
IMPACT!!

WRAN!

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SO THEY
WANT TO
PLAY!...

HELMSMAN, BRING
US TO WITHIN FIFTY
METERS OF THAT
'SAUCER'...

I HAVE
ANOTHER
GAME IN
MIND!

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WHAT IN
BLAZES
ARE THEY
UP TO?

RELAX,
BONES, IT'S
JUST A WAR
OF NERVES.

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RELAX?...HOW
CAN WE RELAX WITH
THAT MONSTROSITY
OUT THERE NOSE TO
NOSE WITH US?

THE TERM
IS "BOW ON"
AND DOCTOR...

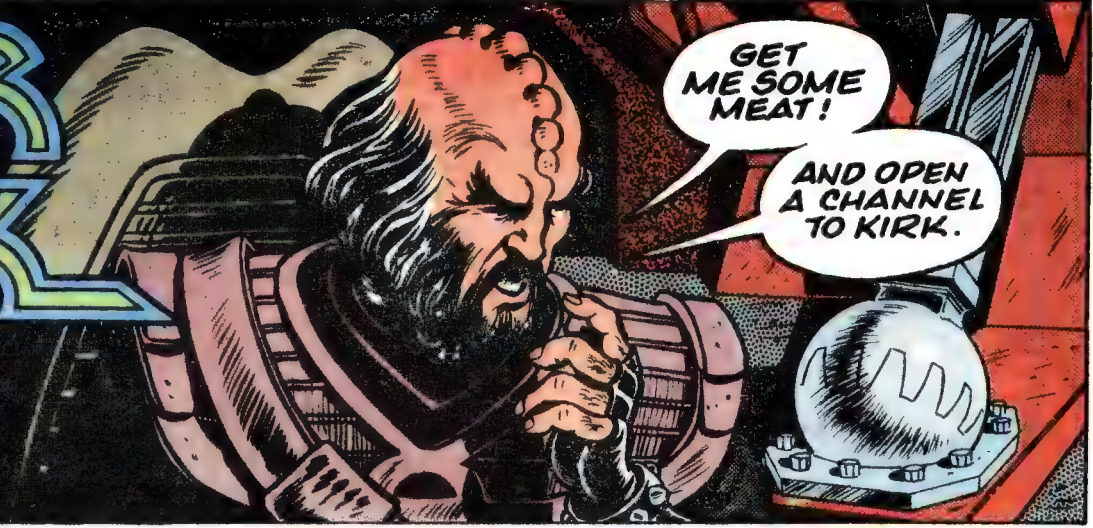
WE'RE STILL
ON RED ALERT.
YOUR STATION
IS IN SICKBAY.

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STAR TREK

a creation of GENE RODDENBERRY

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE KLINGON BATTLECRUISER RAXOR, CAPTAIN TUNZOS GROWS HUNGRY, IMPATIENT AND IRRITABLE.



GET ME SOME MEAT!

AND OPEN A CHANNEL TO KIRK.



WE WILL OPEN FIRE IN ONE HOUR UNLESS YOU RELEASE THE FUGITIVES TO US!

AT THIS RANGE A HIT WOULD DESTROY BOTH SHIPS!



I'M AWARE OF THAT— YOU HAVE ONE HOUR!

I'LL THINK ABOUT IT. KIRK OUT.

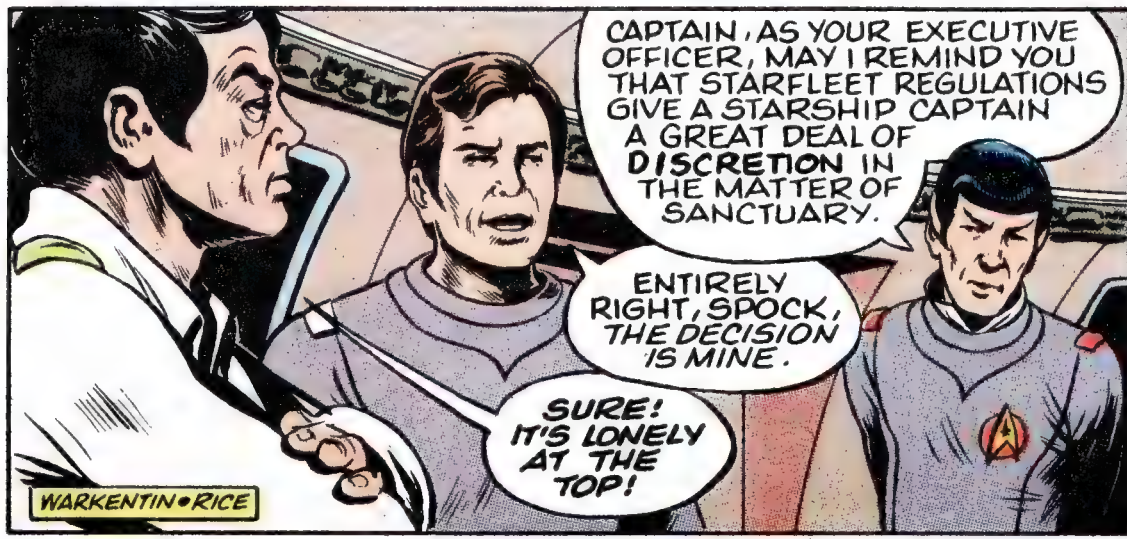


YOU'LL THINK ABOUT IT?

JIM, YOU'RE PLAYING WITH NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED LIVES ON THIS SHIP!



YOU SEEM WILLING TO RISK THOSE LIVES FOR JUST TWO KLINGONS!



CAPTAIN, AS YOUR EXECUTIVE OFFICER, MAY I REMIND YOU THAT STARFLEET REGULATIONS GIVE A STARSHIP CAPTAIN A GREAT DEAL OF DISCRETION IN THE MATTER OF SANCTUARY.

ENTIRELY RIGHT, SPOCK, THE DECISION IS MINE.

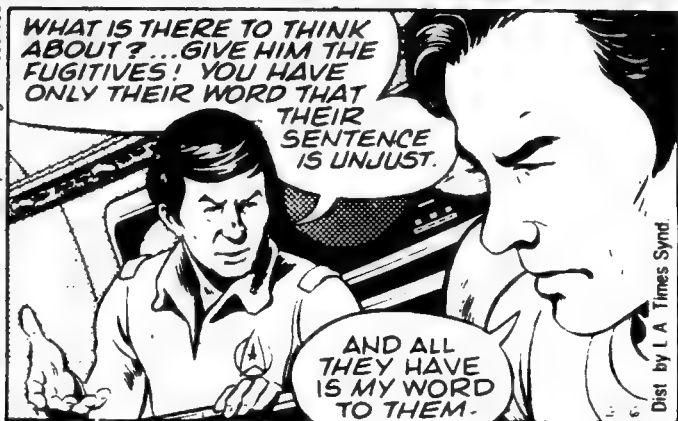
SURE! IT'S LONELY AT THE TOP!



I GAVE THEM MY WORD. I'M NOT LOOKING FOR LOOP-HOLES!

WARKENTIN • RICE

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STAR TREK

a creation of GENE RODDENBERRY

GENERALLY OPPOSED TO CIVILIANS ON HIS BRIDGE, KIRK IS IRKED BY THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF HIS PASSENGERS...

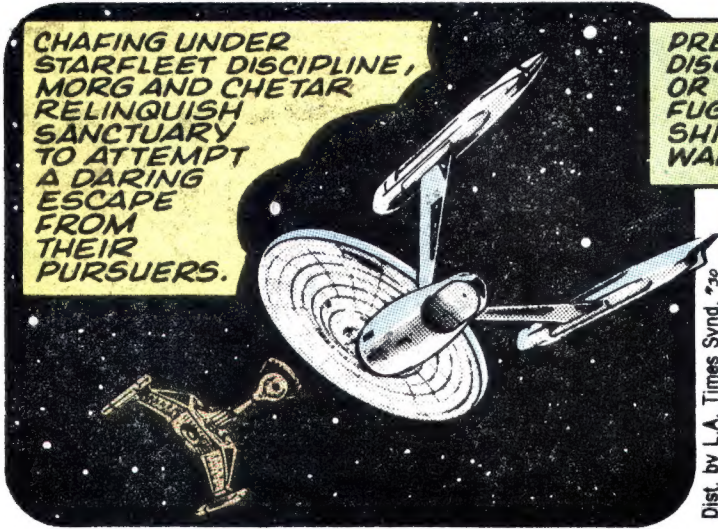


CAPTAIN! WE HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU!

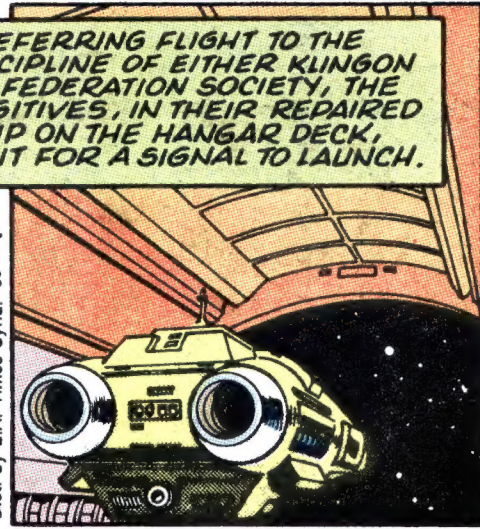


I'VE NEVER SAID THIS TO ANYONE BEFORE, BUT THANK YOU FOR BELIEVING IN US!

!Hugs!



CHAFING UNDER STARFLEET DISCIPLINE, MORG AND CHETAR RELINQUISH SANCTUARY TO ATTEMPT A DARING ESCAPE FROM THEIR PURSUERS.



PREFERRING FLIGHT TO THE DISCIPLINE OF EITHER KLINGON OR FEDERATION SOCIETY, THE FUGITIVES, IN THEIR REPAIRED SHIP ON THE HANGAR DECK, WAIT FOR A SIGNAL TO LAUNCH.

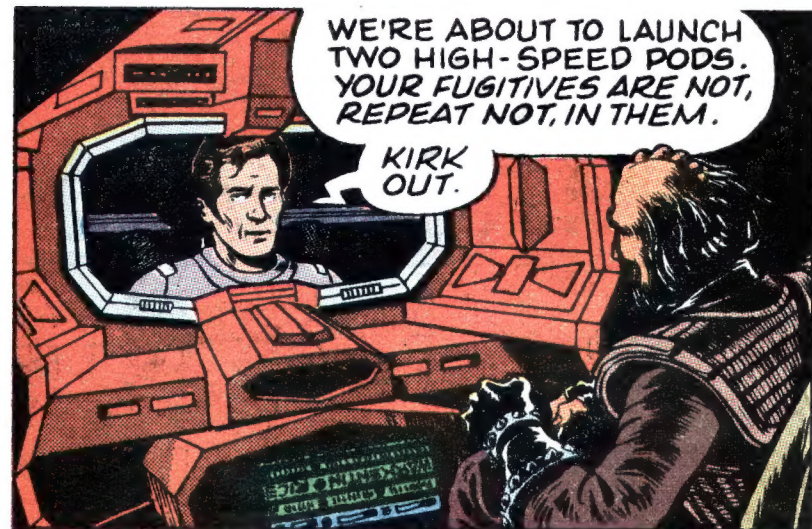
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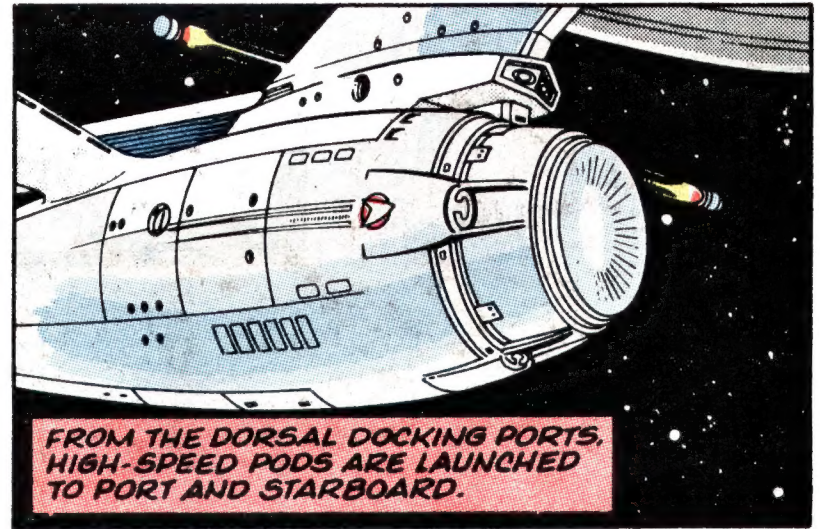
READY TO LAUNCH, CAPTAIN.

ALL RIGHT, SPOCK. I'LL TALK TO THEIR CAPTAIN NOW.

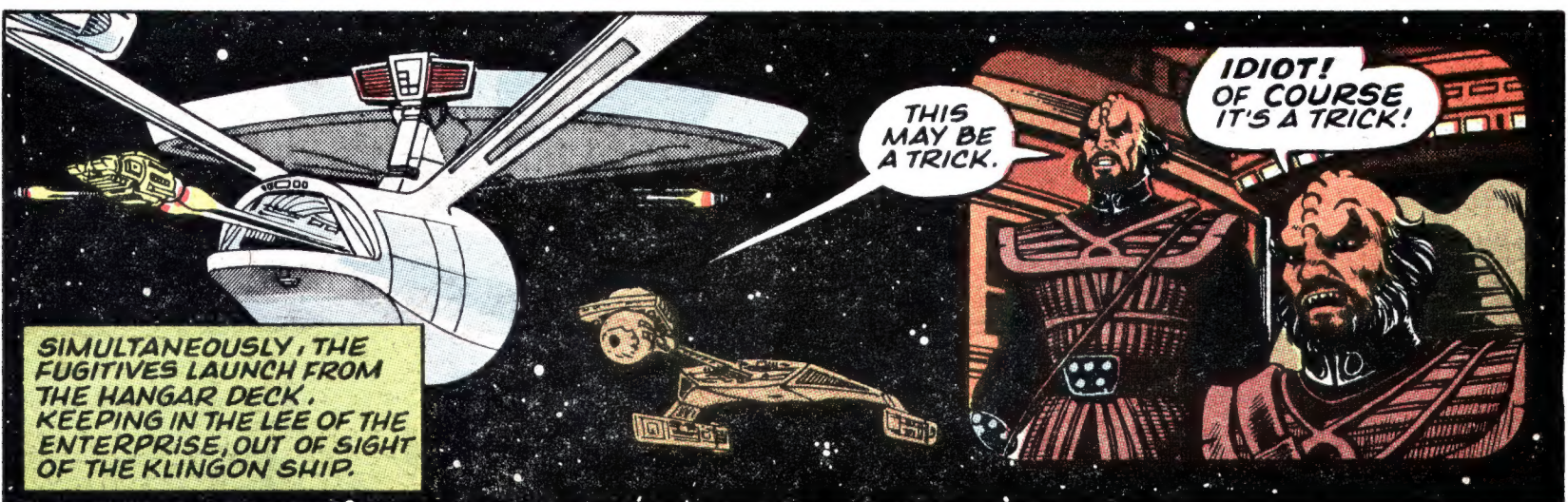


WE'RE ABOUT TO LAUNCH TWO HIGH-SPEED PODS. YOUR FUGITIVES ARE NOT, REPEAT NOT, IN THEM.

KIRK OUT.



FROM THE DORSAL DOCKING PORTS, HIGH-SPEED PODS ARE LAUNCHED TO PORT AND STARBOARD.



SIMULTANEOUSLY, THE FUGITIVES LAUNCH FROM THE HANGAR DECK, KEEPING IN THE LEE OF THE ENTERPRISE, OUT OF SIGHT OF THE KLINGON SHIP.

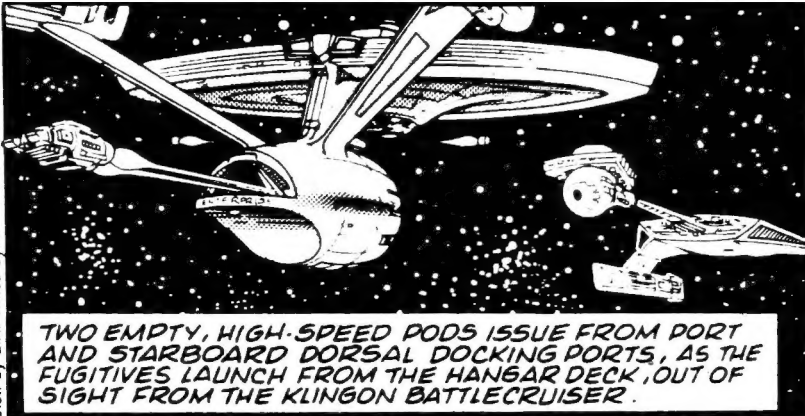
THIS MAY BE A TRICK.

IDIOT! OF COURSE IT'S A TRICK!



CAPTAIN, WE ARE ABOUT TO LAUNCH TWO HIGH-SPEED PODS - THE TWO FUGITIVES YOU SEEK ARE NOT, REPEAT NOT IN THEM.

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TWO EMPTY, HIGH-SPEED PODS ISSUE FROM PORT AND STARBOARD DORSAL DOCKING PORTS, AS THE FUGITIVES LAUNCH FROM THE HANGAR DECK, OUT OF SIGHT FROM THE KLINGON BATTLECRUISER.



IT'S A TRICK! ... THEY'VE LAUNCHED TWO PODS - THEY WANT US TO THINK ONE FUGITIVE IS IN EACH!

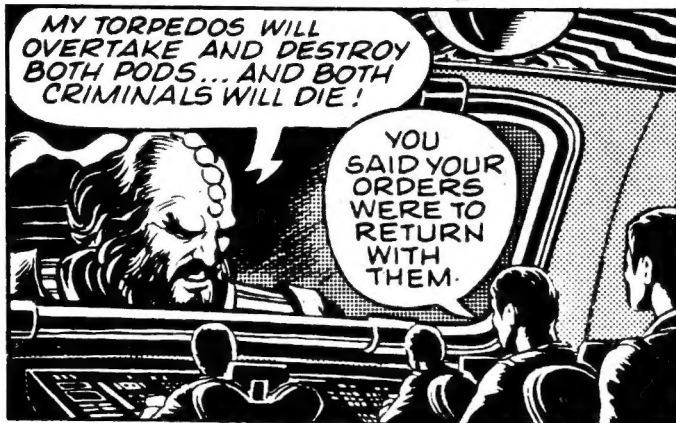
OR BOTH IN ONE.

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TORPEDO BOTH PODS. ...AND GET KIRK ON THE VIEWER!

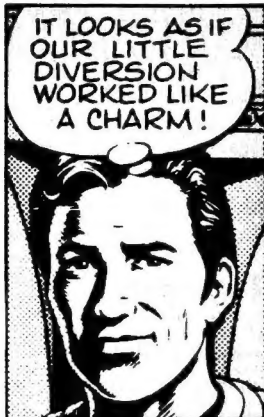
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I THINK
WE'VE HAD
OUR FILL OF
KLINGONS FOR
AWHILE.
SECURE
FROM RED
ALERT.



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MISTER CHEKOV,
YOU SHOULD TAKE
THAT BLACK EYE
TO SICKBAY...
IT'S A BEAUT!

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OH, BY
THE WAY,
CHEKOV,

HOW
DID WE
DO?

STARFLEET
'HONOR' IS...
INTACT, SIR.

THE KLINGON
CAPTAIN IS INSANE!
...WE'RE LUCKY HE
DIDN'T BLOW US ALL
TO SMITHEREENS!



NOT A
CHANCE.
IT WAS A
BLUFF.

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JIM, SOME
DAY YOU'LL
REALIZE THAT
LIFE IS NOT
A GAME OF
POKER!



REALLY,
BONES?



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